

# H Y M N S

FOR

## CHRISTMAS-DAY;

AS SUNG AT SUTTON-COLDFIELD CHURCH, 1789.

CHRISTIANS awake, salute the happy Morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of the World was born!  
Rise to adore the Myſtery of Love,  
Which Hoſts of Angels chaunted from above,  
With them the joyful Tidings firſt begun,  
Of God incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic Herald's Voice, behold,  
I bring good Tidings of a Saviour's Birth,  
To you, and all the Nations of the Earth:  
This Day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd Word,  
This Day is born a Saviour: CHRIST, the Lord.

In David's City, Shepherds, ye ſhall find,  
The long foretold Redeemer of Mankind,  
Wrapt up in ſwadling Cloaths, the Babe Divine,  
Lies in a Manger, this ſhall be your Sign:  
He ſpake, and ſtraightway the Celeſtial Choir,  
In Hymns of Joy unknown before, conſpire.

The Praises of Redeeming Love they ſung,  
And Heaven's whole Orb with Hallelujahs rung,  
Chaunting the Glory of that God above,  
Who hath redeem'd us by his boundleſs Love,  
And with angelic Strains proclaimed ſtill,  
Peace upon Earth, and unto Men Good-will.

For ſuch ſtupendous Love, they Praises ſing,  
Inceſſantly unto our Heavenly King;  
He that was born upon this joyful Day,  
Around us all his Glory ſhall diſplay:  
To him be Glory, Maſteſty, and Power,  
All Honour, Might, and Praise for evermore.

I.

ARISE, and hail the ſacred Day;  
Caſt all low Cares of Life away,  
And Thoughts of meaner Things;  
This Day to cure thy deadly Woes,  
The Son of Righteouſneſs aroſe,  
With Healing in his Wings.

CHORUS.

O then let Heav'n and Earth rejoice,  
Creation's whole united Voice,  
And Hymn the happy Day.

II.

If Angels on the happy Morn,  
The Saviour of this World was born,  
Pour'd forth ſeraphic Songs;  
Much more ſhould we of human Race,  
Adore the Wonders of his Grace,  
To whom the Grace belongs.

CHORUS.—O then, &c.

III.

How wonderful, how vaſt his Love,  
Who left thoſe ſhining Realms above,  
Thoſe happy Seats of reſt;  
How much for loſt Mankind he bore,  
Their Peace and Pardon to reſtore,  
Can never be expreſs'd.

CHORUS.—O then, &c.

IV.

Whilst we adore his boundleſs Grace,  
And pious Mirth and Joy takes place  
Of Sorrow, Grief, and Pain;  
Give Glory to our God on high,  
And not among the gen'ral Joy  
Forget Good-will to Men.

CHORUS.

O then let Heav'n and Earth rejoice,  
Creation's whole united Voice,  
And Hymn the happy Day.